

Fitting together in the deepest part of me and you
is not like a puzzle piece-
it is NOT a soft cardboard piece mashed together and an image completed a part of an image for the
whole of an image-
NO!

Fitting together perfectly in the deepest part of me and you is a
swirl of clay in a
black void
molding into one another
constantly
turning and molding
as if kneaded by dough from
our own invisible hands.
We are *kneaded* together.
our love is *kneaded dough*.
(none of this superficial flimsy soggy brown puzzle piece bull shit,
none of these fucking layers of brown paper mashed together with
elmer's ground-up cowhoof sticky glue Bull ShiT-)
-"Who the fuck came up with that?"-
NO! No. no, no,
our love is kneaded dough.

but I think something happened
I think we molded together in that warm blackness
(in that sweet curled up vacuum)-
I think my clay's been,
muddied,
like a 5 year old mixing paint colors to discover
Catastrophe!
he can't take red from brown or green from brown and the muddy mess just sits on the table and stares
at you and you Cower, curl, sleep and give up because everything's just a muddy mess everything's just
a goddamn muddy mess

now-
you're mixed
into me.
maybe until
then
our muddy messes
mold and
swirl together
again

PBB